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VANITY FAIR

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of these crackers astonish every one who is not acquainted with their highly valued and extraordinary properties.

Those who use them regularly, think, as all must think who become acquainted with their true excellence, viz: that they ought to be used in every family, in every hotel, in every nursery or hospital, on board every steamer or ship—and everywhere where food so convenient, healthful an economical can be used.

All those who may wish to procure these valuable crackers should understand that there are no genuine Farina crackers made but by Mr. Wing; all these are stamped with the name "A. Wing." Allow no person, therefore, to persuade you buy any crackers for Farina but Wing's.

This caution has become necessary, in consequence of an attempt by designing persons to sell the ordinary kind of crackers by calling them Farina, and conveying the impression that they are like Wing's Farina. Such an attempt at deception should be understood by all.

Wing's Farina crackers may be procured of the best family grocers generally, by whom they are extensively sold in different portions of the United States, and at wholesale only of A. N. THOMPSON & CO.
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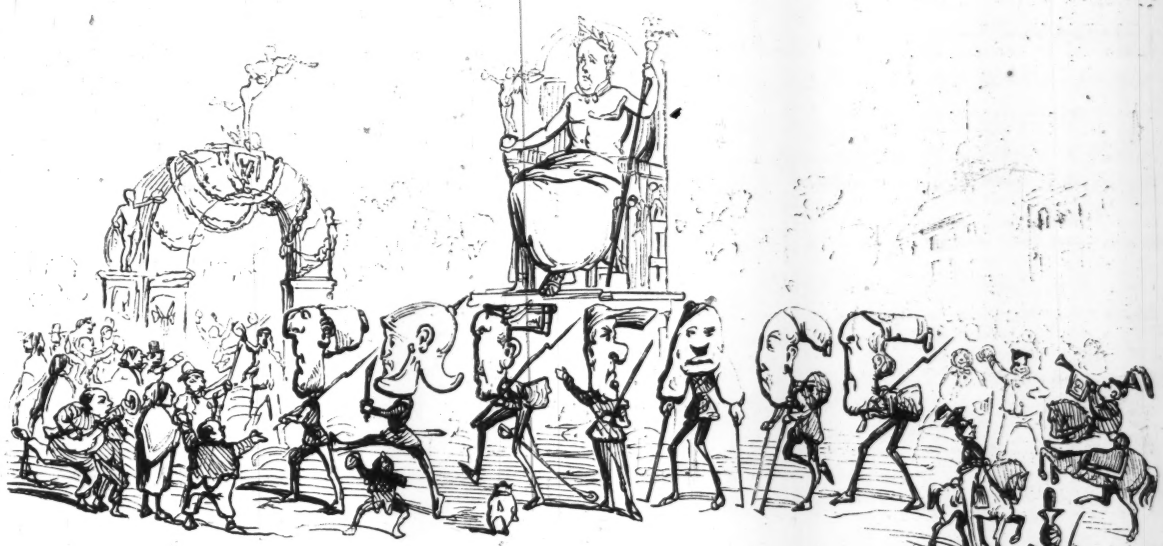


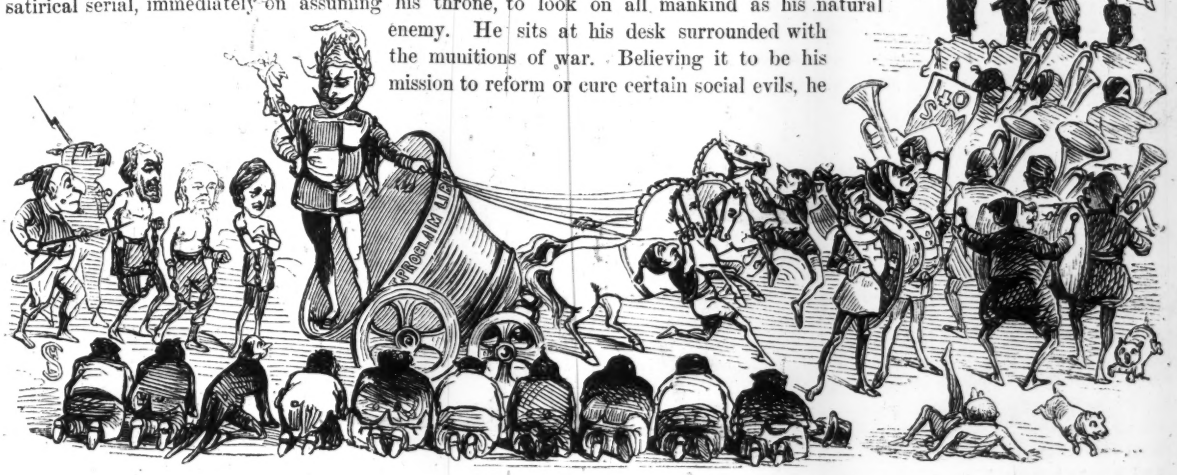
READER, we will, with your permission, take you by the button and have a brief confidential chat with you. We are lounging, as you will be good enough to observe, at the portal of a new literary establishment. It has a solid foundation, and we trust that the design will please. But to drop allegory, into which, perhaps, we have been seduced by the fact of having derived our title from Mr. John Bunyan, in a word, this new literary edifice to which we call your attention, is

Vanity Fair.

Let us endeavor to tell you, in the plainest possible manner, the aims of our enterprise. Do not be astonished if we are not funny in these introductory remarks. If our entertainment be good there is no necessity for a mountebank at the door turning summersaults and cracking jokes in order to entice the public. It must be, indeed, a poor comedy that requires a comic play-bill to help it along.

Vanity Fair will be a humorous and satirical paper. A pleasant tonic to be taken once a-week by the public. A corrective for what seems to us to be at present a rather dyspeptic state of society.

If, however, you judge of us through the preconceived idea of the comic paper, let us hasten to undeceive you. It is usual for the mighty Myth, who presides over the destiny of the satirical serial, immediately on assuming his throne, to look on all mankind as his natural enemy. He sits at his desk surrounded with the munitions of war. Believing it to be his mission to reform or cure certain social evils, he



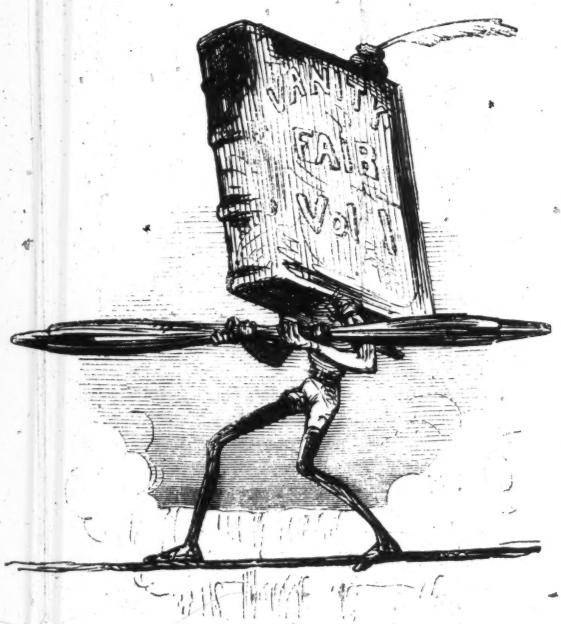
endeavors to correct with a stab, and heal with a poison. He will be cruel if, by cruelty, he can make a jest; and he will be untruthful for the sake of an epigram.

We, the Myth of VANITY FAIR, approach our task in a far different spirit. The true mission of a satirical paper such as we intend ours to be, is not extermination but reformation. Gentleness is quite compatible with courage, and, depend on it, more can be accomplished by good-humored raillery than envenomed wit. No man is more to be pitied than he who is wholly a cynic, for he loses all that exquisite pleasure which noble natures experience in sympathising with what is good and true.

But Momus as well as Janus has two faces: one smiling and kindly, ready to laugh down Folly or to cheer on Merit; the other, stern and frowning, in whose glance Vice and Falsehood wither. We, too, have our black looks, we assure you. We can assume a very unpleasant expression of countenance when we are face to face with political tricksters, venal editors, public charlatans, silly authors and all people whose stupidity necessitates their being treated as criminals. All these various inhabitants of VANITY FAIR will find that we have what the French call an iron hand in a velvet glove, and that occasionally we can take the glove off.

As a model, we can propose to ourselves none better than one of the knights of the old chivalric days. By a solemn vow he devoted himself to the cause of Truth and Virtue, and then, accompanied by a few brave companions, rode forth into the world to redress wrong. When he found Virtue, pining spell-bound in some dreary donjon, he slew the gaoler and gallantly burst her bonds. When he espied the giant Vice, feeding upon the tender population of the land, he couched his lance and laid him in the dust. Wicked dwarfs and bad enchanters yielded to his potent sword; but, when he chanced to encounter the hero or heroine of some noble action, then, like a true knight, he sheathed his weapon, doffed his gleaming helmet, and did reverence to Merit.

We, too, are vowed to the cause of truth. We have a goodly band of knights at our back, all of whom are loyal, courteous, and brave, and if there are any more such who feel ambitious to join our crusade, there is plenty of room for them in our ranks. Our road lies straight through VANITY FAIR, and we mean to do considerable execution among the dwarfs, and jugglers, and wicked giants of that institution. All that is good and pure we shall salute as we go by, and we feel convinced that by being always fearless and sincere we will pass through all places of peril unharmed, and reach in safety that triumphal arch which lies at the end of our journey.



THE MODERN MITHRIDATES.

O! bring me the bread—give to me
Bread that is snowy and light of weight—

Of alum and bone-dust let it be.
  Chalk, and ammonia's carbonate:
Sulphates of zinc and copper too,
  Plaster of Paris, finely ground,
Will make it evenly white clear through
  With the outside nicely browned.

Give me butter to eat with the bread—
  Colored with saffron and turmeric
Or orpiment, richer in that, 'tis said:
  Let lard and sheep's brains make it thick:
Give me tea of a clear green hue,
  Made of soapstone, willow-leaves,
Arsenite of copper and Prussian blue—
  Their flavor the palate deceives.

Bring sugar, and sweeten the potion well—
  Sugar of lead, and iron, and sand,
Sweet as honey of Hydromel
  Or the pressure of Mithridates' hand!
Though maybe coffee would clear my head
  Better than such a cup of tea—
Coffee of ochre, Venetian red
  And the potent chicoree.

Then, with my chop, let pickles green
  Cool my tongue with flavorous bliss;
Steeped and soaked they must have been
  In salts of copper and verdigris;
Most inviting to me they are
  When full of the pungent taste I find
In sulphuric acid vinegar—
  A condiment just to my mind.

Ha! you start! you think that I,
  Being a man of mortal clay,
After my meal will surely die,
  For these are deadly poisons, you say:
Poisons? yes! yet one and all
  Are found on every grocer's shelves—
Our bills of mortality are not small,
  —But how can we help ourselves?

G. A.

REYNARD THE FOX.

A THEATRICAL FABLE FOR CRITICS.

There was once a sly Fox with sharp teeth and bright eyes and a pleasant wag to his tail that delighted all beholders. Like many sly foxes he lived mostly upon geese, great numbers of which he continually seduced into his power. Also into his toils fell pigeons and beautiful foreign birds, upon whose subsistence he waxed fatter and fatter every day. His Keeper, finding that all men brought tribute of monies and acclamations to this ingenious Fox, winked at his ways, and said naught.

But there came one day a noble Scotch Gentleman, who Heralded the fact that however complete might be the control of the Sly Fox over the geese of the land, yet he certainly was by no means sound on the goose question; whereupon the people marvelled, and the teeth of the Fox were heard to snap with anger, and his eyes seen to glisten dangerously.

Then the Keeper said—"Behold, I am cherishing a viper of a Fox in my bosom, who may some day insinuate fangs into the region of my heart."

So he waited until the Fox slept, and did then quietly, as a precaution, withdraw his sharp and dangerous teeth. This was said to be matter of simple form; other said it was matter of chloroform.

And, strangely enough, on the day after the extraction, the Sly Fox rose in wrath, and threatened his Keeper. But, of a sudden, finding that his teeth were gone, he fell down, howling piteously. And his Master did then eject him from the happy and loving community among whom he had so long been a leader. Then the Fox ran straightway to the noble Scotch Gentleman, crying: "Behold, I am humbled, and have lost my teeth. True is it that in the matter of geese questions I am unsound. Have mercy upon me." But the noble Scotch Gentleman knew him not.

Then did the Fox return to his Keeper, and beg to be admitted once more to his comfortable Garden, and the scenes of his former life. But the Keeper, too, knew him not, and he was an outcast.

And this is the true fable of Reynard the Fox.

A Capital Deficiency.

An individual who signs himself "Richmond" is in the field of advertising after a sanguinary fashion that throws his namesake of Bosworth quite into the shade. He offers, in some of the Southern papers, to be one of a hundred who will give twenty-five dollars each for the heads of certain objectionable Northern gentlemen whose names he publishes. It seems to us that the sum is rather more than a good many of the designated heads are worth; but in this matter, "Richmond" must, of course, judge for himself. The proposition, however, has aroused the indignation of the New York *Times*, which denounces it as "a very brutal expression of hate." We take a different view of the affair. It appears to us that the Southern parties making this offer, being evidently out of their own heads, are anxious to supply the deficiency at the cheapest possible rates, and are thus emboldened to suggest a bargain which, considering their contempt for Northern brains in general, must certainly be looked upon as liberal.

The Gaieties of City Hall.

In the Board of City Canvassers, last Wednesday evening, Mr. Alderman Adams swung his fists about Mr. Alderman Brady's head in so threatening a manner that the Chair was obliged to hasten to the rescue. It is said that but for this timely interposition of the Chair Mr. Brady might have taken the floor.

Imperial Collapse.

It is said that Eugenie is at Compiegne, devoting herself to gradual reduction of her crinoline. The reason alleged is, that Napoleon so desires, and the Empress is not the sort of wife to stand out in opposition to the wishes of her husband.

THE HOME-MADE SHIRT.

THE many voices of fame are ever ready to lift high their trumpet-tongued acclamations of the names of the inventors of the steam-engine, of printing, of gunpowder, of the Telegraph, but the name of the inventor of that fearful and wondrous thing, the human shirt, is plunged in a black and soundless chaos. No poet hath breathed that name in divine heroic verse, no sculptor embalmed it in the whiteness of marbles, no painter caught for it the sun-splendor of glorious color. And yet what a piece of work is the shirt! The beauty of the wardrobe, the paragon of garments! In fit how express and admirable! In color how like a dove! And yet to fame, what is it? The quintessence of rags.

I do with the home-made shirt that this paper has to deal principally. To the shirt-genuine, the home-made shirt compares as does the monster in Mrs. Shelley's Frankenstein, to the human man: it stalks gaunt and grim, through the kingdom of male gracefulness, seeking what it may devour.

The home-made shirt may be divided into three classes—the low-pressure, the high-pressure and the oscillatory. The low pressure shirt gravitates powerfully downwards, and in so doing is perpetually strangling its victim-wearer. The high pressure aspires upwards after the same fashion. The oscillatory consists of a single cylinder, which rotates continually around the body within.

The shirt of Nessus, we are told, was home-made, erected by the cunning Fury, Dejanira, in her own back parlor. The modern home-made shirt is in like manner the seed of most domestic tragedies.

Many a father have I heard say to his daughter, give up vain pleasures, and devote yourself to making household shirts. Why did not these fathers say to their sons, give up billiards and spend your leisure moments in the gentle pastime of building locomotive engines.

Shirt-making is a divine speciality, and shirt-makers are born, not made. I heard one of them, after forty years' experience, declare, with tears in her eyes, that she felt as though she were wandering on the shores of the ocean of shirt-science, just gathering up the pebbles of stitching, while the great sea rolled beyond.

To illustrate my theory about the home-made shirt, I will here relate a circumstance which occurred not long since in this city. Certain usual talk in journals of the day about women's rights, etc., had brought the father of the family into the belief that his own wife was in danger of becoming strongminded. He determined to effect a great moral reform; he began with that wild and dangerous thing which forms the topic of this paper. His wife and daughter were told that he would wear no more shirts not made by them. Patiently they submitted, and that day a piece of linen was purchased, and the work began. Half-worn shirts were ripped to pieces, and the new cut after them. A dozen yards or so of linen were sacrificed to ignorance and experiments, and finally the shirts were supposed to be cut to perfection. Morning and eve, evening and morn, the work went on. In the meanwhile, the taste formerly displayed at the table, began to disappear. Entries, side-dishes and deserts were eschewed. Only the food necessary to sustain life appeared. Towards the end of the first week the most malignant of all the symptoms of domestic disease broke out—need I say cold mutton? The stern husband ventured a feeble remonstrance. It was at once crushed by the assurance that it was impossible to attend to the æsthetics of the table, without neglecting the shirts. He felt the better claims of morality, and turned a cold ear to the melancholy strains of appeal within him.

Finally, on the first day of the new year, the shirts were completed. Instead of the useful and elegant dressing-gown his wife had intended to present him on that occasion, she concluded to substitute the shirts. Accordingly he found them on awakening, built up into a small pyramid on his bed.

A strange qualm, a deep dejection of spirits possessed him, as he began to attire himself in one of them. The first one was tried, and he found the line of the sleeves so indefinitely produced, that, after swallowing his hands, they seemed to be angling for a wardrobe, and to have succeeded in getting a nibble from his trousers. That little mishap, he murmured, with a ghastly effort to smile, can be easily remedied.

The second he tried, and each deformed and elfin sleeve, meek, though firm, clasped itself tenderly about the neck of his elbow.

The third—the breast was so capacious, that it seemed planned with a view of concealing the whole palpitating bosom of Society or the Church.

The fourth—the two edges of the bosom planted themselves firmly at the shoulders, and, curving out in an eccentric boxing attitude, refused to be displaced unless the ignominious back was utterly routed and torn apart.

The fifth—the collar descended gracefully from his throat, revealing as much neck as the swan is permitted to show in her utmost longitudinal moments.

The sixth—the collar shoots boldly upwards, and assumes for his spectacles a contempt born of the familiarity of contact.

In one after another he madly attires himself, then rolls it under his feet. In all of their grotesque deformity the compensating principle alone held good. The vastness of one absolved itself in the dwarfishness of the other, the long-running longitude of this in the ever-spreading latitude of that.

One of the shirts he was forced to wear, however, for his wife had given away all the others he had owned, to a poor relation, the evening before. He selected the one he thought the least objectionable. This one had no glaring vices, it had a meek, church-brotherly air, while it was insidiously accomplishing the ruin of his personal appearance. It was built on the oscillating principle, and seemed to have no fixed plan or purpose in linen. Round and round it swayed and turned, as though it was a dismantled ship floundering in the trough of the sea, and struggling in vain to right itself. Now it seemed to imagine its mission to be that of a thermometer, and it ran up and down, indicating imaginary degrees of a Protean temperature. Again, it was smitten with the ambition to personate a weathercock or a windmill, and to indicate, with the same capriciousness of purpose, the fickle ways of the wind.

Unfortunately, the wearer of this article was a man so shaped, that it required very tidily-fitted garments to conceal the cumbersomeness of his person. In this, he had a strange atmosphere of deformity hanging about him, as though the upper part of his person were at once struck with the lumpiness of the gout, gnarled and knotted with the rheumatism, expanded with the puffiness of the dropsy. He suddenly became a living geometrical chart, upon which the mathematician could illustrate every manner of curve and angle, no matter how obtuse and eccentric.

That day, he had the satisfaction, during his visits, of seeing the eyes of ladies fixed upon him in pity, and he thought he heard in connection with his name, such remarks as these: poor fellow, what an affliction, how kind his wife ought to be to him, but does she show herself in public with him?

With the members of his own sex, he was still more unfortunate,

for the conversation turned continually on the skillful medical men so successful in the treatment of remarkable diseases. They assure him with suspicious earnestness, that Dr. Smith had never caused death in tapping the dropsy.

That Dr. Brown removed spinal deformities without the aid of the rack.

That Dr. Jones has said to the liver complaint "depart," and it was seen no more.

That Dr. Jenkins was never known to cause death, by the removal even of the most desperate tumours.

The whole catalogue of those hideous diseases that warp the human form, was untiringly rehearsed for his benefit.

At last, driven to desperation, a fit resident only for Bedlam, he sought his own doomed dwelling.

The next week, and the next, were spent by his family in attempting to alter the shirts. The cold mutton eruption broke out in unquenchable obstinacy. Each day he attired himself in one of the shirts, and each day domestic peace was broken up from its centre, and clashing discords reigned supreme. The wife and daughters fell into a state of chronic hysterics. The housemaid and cook, who had been faithful servants in the family for sixteen years, left with their breasts swollen with indignation. She who had been the wife of his bosom for the same number of years, became an abhorred object of suspicion to him. He took secret advice as to the possibilities of his getting divorced from her. Each time he sought clandestinely the office of the lawyer, the form of a lady, deeply veiled, passed him hurriedly. He was told by the lawyer that this lady was also seeking his advice privately on the divorce question. Once he accidentally met the lady unveiled, and her face was the face of his own wife. Remorse, surprise, a return of tenderness overcame them both, and they threw themselves into each other's welcoming arms.

The following day a new set of shirts was purchased, and the harp of peace was restrung in their halls. Cold mutton died with a single gasp, and circulars from quack doctors, offering to cure him without the knife, ceased to pour in upon him.

On computation he found the economy of the home-made shirts to be as follows:

12 yards of linen destroyed by inexperience,	$10 80
50 yards of linen employed,	45 00
Seamstress to assist in stitching—7 days,	7 00
Thread, needles, buttons, etc.,	81
Lawyers' fees for private consultation—himself and wife,	119 00
Gift, to heal his wife's lacerated feelings,	75 00
" " daughter's "	40 00
" to induce housemaid to return,	9 00
" to " cook "	6 00
Set of razors notched in wrath,	17 00
Nervous destruction of miscellaneous crockery,	4 20
New set of shirts at ——,	35 00
	$369 81
Deduct 8 lbs. of linen disposed of to rag and bottle man, at the rate of 5 cts. per lb.,	40
Total,	$369 41

ADA CLARE.

"OPENED WITH PRAYER."

So begins the record of each day's Congressional performances. The Senate opens with Prayer. The House opens with Prayer. We trust that the Chaplains enjoy it, and that the Legislators are not bored beyond endurance. Thus far, there has been only one attempt by argument, and none at all by force, to interrupt the custom. It may be regarded as one of the proudest boasts of our nation, that its history can show no instance of assault and battery upon a Congressional Chaplain in the discharge of his duty.

But this sort of thing can hardly be expected to last. Some of the People's acute representatives, who are as logical and consistent as duty to their constituents will allow, must very soon discover that logic and consistency alike oppose the notion of Religious Forms where they and their associates are concerned. They must see that the Minister of God's Word has no fit place among them. They will begin to understand that the transition from invocations of Heavenly Love to North Carolina Tar and Michigan Feathers is too abrupt to be decent; and that Religion and Revolvers have no affinity except that of alliteration. Their eyes will be opened to the uselessness of preliminary Piety, when the voice of the Divine is

likely to be drowned at any moment by fierce eructations of Illinois wrath, or the sharp snaps of South Carolina Derringers. It will become clear to them that the Christian precepts of the morning have no effect in repressing Mr. Kellogg's tendency to muscular overthrow of his foes in the afternoon, or Mr. Keitt's anxiety to bring forth his compact little death-dealer from his coat pocket in the evening. And, taking note of all these things, it will not be strange if they also take steps to regulate them. As no person now supposes that Congress will experience decorum, and relapse into good behavior, we can only expect that the other horn of the dilemma shall be seized, and that, logically and consistently, the abolition of the Religious Element in Congress be advocated.

Some will say that the greater the grossness of Legislative conduct, the greater the need of the Chaplain's counteracting influence. But there are extremes which should never meet. Mildness and madness cannot go hand in hand. No more can blessings and blasphemies. We should not look for a Biblical inscription at the entrance of a brothel, and no one ever knew a Prize Fight to be opened with the singing of a Psalm. If Congress really needs some species of formality to mark its daily assembling, there are many things more in keeping with its present spirit than Prayer. Mr. John Morrissey might advantageously elucidate the principles of the Prize Ring, with practical illustrations. Or Mr. Van Amburgh might appropriately introduce a few hyenas and jackals from his valuable menagerie, with remarks descriptive of their characters and habits. Or. Mr. J. G. Bennett might read some articles from his *Herald*, touching the Whole Duty of Politicians. Or. Mr. Dan Rice might be called upon to deliver one of his affecting orations, and to develop the accomplishments of his talented mules. This last, indeed, would perhaps be of greater benefit than all the rest, as showing to what extraordinary docility and decency such animals may be brought by careful education and rigorous training.

WHEN did Rossini make his best jokes?
When he composed his Mots in Egitto.

1. LITTLE GIRL.—"Oh, Mar! please buy that ittle boy a pair of stockings; he's dot nothing for Santa Claus to put his presents in."

2. (Time midnight.) Master Georgy has awakened and discovered the drum and trumpet brought by Santa Claus; he immediately proceeds to make night hideous. Horror of parents, suddenly awakened—"Thieves!" "Fire!" etc., etc.

3. Mister White.—"Say, Mr. Livingstone, what d'yer fine in yer stockin' dis mornin'?"
Mr. L.—"Fine in my stockin'? Why, I foun' a hole in my stockin', dat's what I foun'."

4. Little Willy discovers the presents Santa Claus has brought him. The poor child has never thoroughly recovered his reason since.

5. Georgy, with the best intentions in the world, has put a large and unctuous piece of "lasses lump in Granpa's stocking. Granpa' puts on his hose before he discovers it.

6.—THE DOMESTIC FRANKENSTEIN.
DISTRACTED PARENT.—"What monster is this I have created!"

The Piety of Holiday Gifts.

The following advertisement appears in the *Herald*:—

"HONOR THY PARENTS.—The most acceptable gift a child can make their parents is a pair of ——'s Brazilian Pebble Spectacles. To be obtained only, etc."

Passing over the grammatical tribulations of this notification, we may find in it much food for sound reflection. The purveyors of the Pebble Spectacles should receive applause for their new application of the Fifth Commandment. The plan is calculated to operate favorably in various ways. One effect of bestowal of Pebbly Optical Aids of Brazil will undoubtedly be to open the eyes of parents to the magnitude of filial virtues. The principle can be indefinitely extended. Reverence may well be expressed by boots, which will be pretty sure to put heads of families upon a good footing, and bring about a complete domestic understanding. In cases of parental misbehavior, such as occasionally do occur, a mild but respectful rebuke might be administered in the way of hats, as a touching illustration of that charity which covereth a multitude of sins. An argument against severity of discipline might be conveyed by means of luxurious gloves, the moral of which would be—"a soft hand, Sir, turneth away wrath." The comprehensiveness of this novel expedient seems to be without limit. We may now reasonably expect to see the newspapers flooded with announcements of Affectionate Overcoats, Deferential Dickeys, Loving Hairbrushes, Virtuous Waistcoats, Reverent Undershirts, Christian Razor-Strops, and so on in infinite variety. We are constrained to say, however, that the Proprietors of the Pebble Spectacles cannot claim the entire origin of the idea, which seems to have been inspired by the Moral Pocket-handkerchiefs which Mr. Stiggins endeavored to provide for the benefit of the infant savages who did not know how to use them.

Idealatry.

In ancient days (see the First Book of Kings),
The Priests bowed down to images and things.
And were accursed for kneeling night and day
Before their carven Gods to preach and pray.

Our New School Priests, who blame the ones of old,
Are just as bad, if that the truth were told.
They worship images, too, when they preach
—Not carven gods, but—Images of Speech!

Query For Politicians.

If six performances of "The Octoroon" at the Winter Garden bring about a dissolution of the theatrical union, and shatter the government of that establishment, what will be the probable result upon the nation at large if it run through the entire season?

"Still."

The ominous silence of Louis Napoleon respecting his intentions about England is merely, we think, a Case of Imperial Mumm.

"ONE MR. WARD" IN CHINA.

[*VIDE LONDON TIMES.*]

A FEW OUTRAGES.

ES, *Outrages*. No midnight business, either. Broad daylight is the time for 'em; and the bigger the crowd, the bigger the outrage. Oh, it's no scalping affair; there's no blood spilt (there *may* be, though); but it would really be better to lose a man occasionally, out and out, and have it done with, than to let these things go on, day after day, week after week, and year after year. I can't stand 'em much longer,—particularly *one* of 'em,—and if I could, I wouldn't. Things have got to such a pass that (to state the fact distinctly), I can't take the air, of an afternoon, without having my temper roiled with two or three Outrages on my rights and feelings.

Yes, *Outrages*. Not merely insults and mild injuries: they *were* such, in the beginning and first brutal inception of 'em, but now those words are tame! Nothing can be done about it, either. To be certain, I asked my young friend Blackstone, and he distinctly (and I am bound to add—for a lawyer—feelingly) replied that his distinguished old namesake hasn't a word to say on the subject, and he's read all the four books. It's the same with Kent. And Story. And the whole lot. I came down those four flights of stairs with a heavy heart. "A few years more," I said to myself, "and I shall cease to live. On the whole, come death! and take me from my woes!"—and a good deal more to the same effect. Why, my dreams—if I am so lucky as to get a little sleep—are filled with my waking grievances. I wonder the whole city hasn't been driven mad on the subject. What could produce an effect more certainly than to be haunted with a perpetual Boy—an ill-favored Boy—a cheeky and persistent Boy—armed with exhaustless duplicates of some card or hand-bill, which he never desists from thrusting into your face or hand—you knowing, all the while, you don't want the thing—just as you knew it yesterday and last year—and resolving for the millionth time you *won't* have it, and will never be *made* to have it. You see he is set on by somebody; you're not angry with *him:* but Lord! how you crave to get at the diabolical wire-puller! What aggravates the case enormously is the being *forced* to be rude and uncivil—which you never are, naturally—and perpetually obliged, being a gentleman, to put on the savage.

Now my powers of endurance are limited. I give the proprietors of these boys fair warning. I have an irascible temper, having been born in the South. I can't always restrain myself. I'm dangerous when aroused. There will certainly be a boy the less, in that business, before many days, unless the outrage is suppressed. I mean it.

Broadway may be called a series of persistent Boys, separated from each other by truncated pyramids of various altitudes. In consequence of the position of the latter, there is no getting around 'em. The way over 'em is full of formidable obstructions, such as big stones, Irishmen, and bricks. They average about two to a block. Men peck unceasingly at the stones, which are ingeniously arrayed so that all the pieces will fly into your face and eyes. You turn away; you look up! Good heavens! a stone weighing a ton hangs over your head by a mere thread!—or at any rate a pair of little tongs not much safer. Or else a hod-full of bricks, and a Milesian, fifty feet above you, make the hair—if you have it—rise on your head. You spring aside. A chunk of marble enters your eye; or you fall over a future column or window-sill; or else precipitate yourself into a yawning chasm below, prepared expressly to swallow you up.

In default of truncated pyramids, the tour to a Boy is diabolically aggravated by means of barricades, gins, pitfalls, and the like, which compel well-shod people into the mire, where their lives depend on the ability of stage-drivers to look twenty ways at once.

Besides, there's your dust: I mean your lime, and your sand, and your mortar, and your ashes. When I look over my now-well-nigh-useless wardrobe, a part too good for use, and the rest ruined.

But I'm too full for further comments under that head.

I tell you these things are Outrages. Yes, *Outrages!* They are chronic insults that can't be redressed. They rankle in the breast of every decent person. Remove 'em! Abate 'em! Squelch 'em!

Then look at the miserable wretches who thrust their rags and nastiness before you in consideration of having done something or other with their brooms. You did n't want 'em to do it; you'll be hanged if you wouldn't much rather they'd go home. "Penny, Mister!" is never out of your ears. They make a show of earning their money; and you may remember once paying it: but they'd *all* earned it, and you only paid one! Didn't they flock around, though! Whether you pay or not, the bore is all the same, only it's worse when you pay. You can't swear at 'em.—You can't—bah! take 'em away!

A WALKING GENTLEMAN.

A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

BY A JILTED MAN.

[We are not responsible for any of the sentiments herein expressed. The writer has committed suicide, as may very readily be supposed, since sending them to us. EDS. V. F.]

I.

Women are sadly ruled by the law of compensation. Those who are good, are never pretty: those who are pretty, are never good.

II.

To a man, truth is what he knows; to a woman, truth is what she believes.

III.

A woman with a bad heart is perhaps rare; but a woman without vanity is impossible.

IV.

The only perfect woman a man ever knows, is his mother.

V.

Women never know the value of any one's money—except their own.

VI.

All intimate friendships among women have the same basis, and always exist between those who resemble each other in figure,—they can borrow each other's dresses.

VII.

Show me a man who is dignified and in earnest, and I will show you a man despised by women.

VIII.

Women invariably fear death—and I don't wonder.

Comparatively Harmless.

MR. BONNER, of the *Ledger*, has engaged the Honorable Edward Everett to continue his contributions to that delectable sheet, it seems. Mr. Bonner thinks that Mr. Everett is a Great Gun. We think him only a Smooth Bore.

THE TOWN.

"That city has ever had my heart from my infancy; and it has fallen out, as of excellent things, that the more beautiful cities I have seen since, the more the beauty of this does still win upon my affection: I love it by itself and more in its native being than in all the pomp of foreign embellishments: I love it tenderly even to its wants and blemishes. I am not an American but I this great city, great in people, great in the felicity of her situation but, above all, great and incomparable in variety and diversity of commodities; the glory of America, and one of the most noble ornaments of the world."—[MONTAIGNE slightly altered.]

If it be true, as the poet hath it, that God made the country and man the town, then the town needs some one to take care of it.

The town, too, is the centre of Vanity Fair, the point where all its good and all its wickedness is sublimated, where everybody, according to the best authority, is travelling in the broad road that leads first to the Battery and afterward to no matter where.

To describe the amusements and lighter occupations, to gently satirise the follies and scourge the vices of that great nation known as the Broadwayan will be the task of the writer of these papers.

Weak and inefficient when compared with the task which is before him, he approaches it with distinguished aid.

His collaborateurs are J. Coupon-Doré, Esq., and Carrie-Jane, both of whom are persons in society and neither of whom you, sir, or madam, would be surprised at meeting anywhere outside the Tombs.

Place aux dames.

Carrie-Jane, or Jennie, as they modernise it, has just finished at Madame Cramemhard's where she was a show-girl. When any rich Southerner turned up with a plantation ornament brought to the metropolis for a little French polish, Carrie-Jennie, my dear, was displayed in the parlor, and with her piano, her French, her drawing, ("*do* Colonel, do just look at that bit of perspective in the view of the East River shot-tower by moon-light with a tug-boat in the distance,") all these were food for as much as two hundred a year in extras for the new girl. "Ah!" said Madame to the subscriber, "there's a young lady that you may well call finished. Before she came to me she had finished at the Shingler Institute, but bah! after she had been with me a year, she acknowledged that she knew nothing. And what do you think she is doing now? [This was at Saratoga last Summer.] She has taken and gone and got the *New American Encyclopedia*, and read it all through, and what she knows up to D is something wonderful. She's doing Livingstone and Barth now." I murmured to Doré, who came up just at the moment, that she was doing a fat-faced young fellow who belonged to the Legation from Timbuctoo or somewhere, and who was a general victim for all the sharp women and men at the watering places.

And apropos to Doré:

He is worth knowing, that young man. He is in trade,—wholesale, of course. His Governor has retired and left the business to the boys. Doré might go out of the concern, but he says, very sensibly, what's a fellow going to do, between breakfast and dinner? After playing billiards incessantly for five years or so, it gets to be slightly commonplace, and you don't feel like doing so much of it as you did when you commenced. Then almost every fellow does something or other; and it is better to be in trade with some goods to sell, and customers to buy them, than a lawyer without clients, or a doctor without patients. Then, when a man has made a good lot of money, he can retire early in life and go to live in Paris. But lawyers and doctors never amount to anything till they are fifty, at least in the opinion of the rich customers of Vanity Fair. Doré's costume is of course beyond reproach. Broadway, which can do a great deal in that way, shows no better-dressed man than Doré. He knows a little music, gives violoncello parties in his apartments on Sunday nights, and plays on that agreeable instrument himself, is an habitué of the Opera, likes pictures and pretty women, and is altogether as nice a fellow as you will meet any fine day at 4 P.M. between the Saint Nicholas and Union Square.

Now you are introduced:

Public, Carrie-Jane; Carrie-Jane, Public. Doré, Public; Public, Doré.

Holiday-Walks.

The town is very busy just now with its preparations for the holidays. Doré and I spend a good deal of time in looking in at the shop windows, while Carrie-Jane and Ma have the carriage every morning more to inspect the things than to buy. Ma, who knows a thing or two, won't buy till next week, when fancy goods and toys must come down a little, there is such a tremendous stock on hand. It is very good fun, lounging in the shops during holiday times, and thinking how many hearts will be made glad by the pretty things which all the cunningest artificers of the world have contrived for the amusement of youth and beauty.

But is the pleasure unmixed? Do the holidays afford you, sir, or you, miss, or madam, so much enjoyment as they used? You know, sir, that last year you drank too much punch on New Year's Day, and had to be carried home. What has become of that head which nothing could split, those legs which no amount of whiskey could weaken? How are your January bills? And haven't you a note lying over under protest? Don't you shudder at quarter-day?

As for you, miss, what was it I heard you say about your dear friend Laura Matilda's bouquets and cadeaux? You went to sleep with her, and looked over her things, and came away choking with rage because they were nicer than yours. And Doré gave her a ten dollar bouquet, did he? You would just like to see *that* Doré, (you always knew he was next door to a fool,) you'd like to see him have the impudence to call on you. And yet New Year's Day sees Doré in all the glory of lavender gloves and the roughest of English suits, flirting with you over the épergne. To no one else are you so gracious.

And you, madam. Are you not awfully exercised in your mind about this holiday season? Don't you wish you could shut up the house and put a bit of crape on the door? But you can't. Paterfamilias has political aspirations, and you must receive. You must have dirty-faced men in your drawing-room. You must have your new carpets spoiled, your glass and china broken, and you must entertain these beings of the lower sphere, who get into a decent house only once a year, and who are like devils let loose on that auspicious occasion.

If it were not for the pleasure that they give the young folks I think that the majority of people would vote for the abolition of the holidays, and especially for the enforcement of the non-intercourse doctrine on the first day of the year.

PENDENNIS.

AT THE CAFE.

We were all very merry at Pfaff's. Did you think
While I laughed with the rest, just a trifle too gay,
That ma mignonne was false, that I buried my friend,
That my castles in Spain had been plundered that day—
Did you think?

Did you think, as you watched me and weighed every word,
And then smiling complacently, understood all,
That my heart, as I passed the Rhine wine to the boys,
Was as black as the midnight, and bitter as gall—
Did you think?

Did you think that those small, wary, twinkling gray eyes,
That look over and under and into things so,
Could read me—a primer? that you could let drop
A sly plummet right down in the depths of my wo—
Did you think?

You will kill me with laughter, some day, you dear owl!
I was happy that night, though the girl was a cheat:
Could I grieve for a flirt, when the man that I loved
Was so sweetly at rest from his head to his feet—
Did you think?

T. B. A.

Republican Specific For Columbia.

Help 'er

The (h) ides of March.

The Spring Trade in the "Swamp."

POLITICS.

VANITY FAIR looketh on all politics as vanity, and will, therefore, persistently intermeddle therewith.

We appeal, then, to politicians of all sects and shells, through the whole conchological scale, to carry on in their usual manner, in order that they may afford us abundant and nutritious food for merriment.

As for crying over them, however mischievous or malignant their conduct, we respectfully decline to do it. We reserve the fountains of our grief for other and more suitable purposes.

Nor will we be in any way alarmed by these politicians, either for ourselves or for the next dearest object to our heart (after VANITY FAIR), this glorious Union: for whatever they may say and whomever they may do, we shall still believe that the country is safe.

Indeed, with all our volunteer regiments, our brave target shooters, our gallant fire companies (ready to quell anything from an insurrection to an eruption, free gratis, and at a moment's notice), our numerous insurance companies, to say nothing of our Fifth avenue committees and our Star Spangled Banner, how could the country be other than safe?

Like Mr. Greeley, we positively refuse to sit up a night with the Union, or to run a single block with the Union-saving machine.

Mr. Banks may say "Let the Union slide," but the Union don't want to slide, and wont under any possible circumstances slide, not even to please Mr. Slidell.

General Jackson, blessings on him!—said,—

> The Union shall be preserved
> As long as my arm is nerved.

which is mighty good sense though it may be very bad poetry: and we, in humble imitation of the old hero, say—

> The Union shall be preserved,
> As long as our paper is served.

So the best thing the Union-savers can do is to subscribe to VANITY FAIR, which hereby promises to laugh all the Disunionists out of countenance, and to take the Union henceforth, and, till further notice, under its wide-spread and protecting wings.

The only hope the Disunionists have is in keeping serious themselves, making other people serious, and thus getting seriously treated.

Alas and alack, the moment men become serious they become knavish. The merchants know this, and never trust a serious man on any terms.

Fun keeps everything straight except the human countenance, and when that is straight, it is because everything else is crooked.

The one great panacea for social and political evils is mirth. Hence, the two most powerful reform papers in the world are *Punch* and *Charivari*.

Men won't be bullied and can't stand being laughed at—politicians least of anybody. Get the grinners against them, and they are gone. A good joker in Washington, just now, would set Congress right in a week. If the people would pay us a good commission—say fifty per cent. and extras—we would go there ourselves and save the whole concern.

As it is, all we can do is to flood the Capitol with VANITY FAIRS, so that when an honorable member ventures to utter any of his lugubrious nonsense he will be treated like a raving and incomprehensible maniac. For we are resolved that this melancholy discussion about Ossa-whit's-his-name and the Union that has been going on in Congress for the last fortnight shall be ridiculed down. We wont stand it any longer. It disturbs the temper, interferes with trade, deranges the digestive organs, and makes men as bad as husbands, fathers, sweethearts and what not, as they are as politicians.

And this wont do. So we shall see at once that every honorable M. C. sells his revolver and arms himself with a loaded copy of VANITY FAIR—holding himself ready to discharge it, point blank, at any demagogue who shall dare by so much as a look to disturb the good feeling of the country.

THE WEBSTER STATUE AFTER A DESIGN BY MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS.

In this sense, and in this sense only, VANITY FAIR will be a political paper. And if, in pursuing its mirthful and patriotic career, it finds occasion to ridicule distinguished dignitaries—we trust that it will not be brought up for contempt of Court, for in that case it will be obliged to reply, after the fashion of the illustrious Sam Weller, that it is werry sorry to make them ere honorables contempt tible, but it really cannot help it.

Con.

If Mr. Helper is the author of the "Impending Crisis," who is the author of the Crisis of 1857?

[Answers should be sent in in time for our next issue.]

129789

DIGNITY.

AGISTRATE.—Now, then, what's your name?

NTLEMAN (*whose slumbers in the Park have been interrupted*).—Excuse me, I should prefer to remain incog.

W. L.

Not with the streaming banner o'er his head,
Stemming the bloody current of the fight,
With blast of Trumpet sounding Victory!
Fell our great Leader; bearing down with him
The ruin of an Empire, and a Name.
Not with the malisons of widowed hearts
Pressing him heavily down; nor orphans' tears
Flooding his crowned career of hate and wrong,
Onward into the deep abysm of Crime,
(Feared and accursed,) went forth his Christian Soul,
But with a world wide sob from every heart
That reverences the noble and the true,
Hymning him to his rest, he laid him down,
While Thought's great Empire for a moment paused.

W. A. S.

Save Him from His Friends.

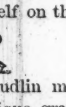
Alderman Brady argues in Common Council that the salary of Dr. Rollins, the Water Purveyor, should be raised to $2,500 a year, in order that the incumbent may enjoy the same priveleges as other office-holders nowadays, namely, that of "keeping fast horses and fast women." If Dr. Rollins desire to shine in the community he had better, whatever else he may keep, get rid of such "fast" friends as his Aldermanic advocate.

To the Victors, etc.

Considering the importance attached, every year, to the distribution of governmental provisions in the form of Loaves and Fishes, may we not reasonably expect the campaign of 1860 to result in a Provisional Government?

THE TRIBUNE ON TOMBS.

The *Tribune* having exhausted itself on this style of thing



rus[h]s into a mellifluous, but maudlin moan over a monument. Th[e] *Tribune* discovers "a plain antique granite slab" on the south id[e] of Trinity tower, which records the birth and death of one Witham[us] de Marisco, giving further information, in terse but incoherent lati[n] that deceased was "of a noble ancestry on the mother's side." Her[e] upon the *Tribune* man strikes his best Hamlet attitude and po[u]rophizes the improperly epigrammatic tombstone in the following fashion:—

"And is this all the history, O granite, thou hast to show of him who[se] name thou bearest? Can'st tell us nothing of what Withamus de[M]arisco was, and did, and suffered, during the forty five years of his [ex]istence? What country gave him birth—in search of what fortune came he to the New World—what blue or black-eyed girl became his [w]ife—what children bore his name—what brave ships he freighted—what honors were his—can'st tell us nothing of all these? It s[a]ieth not: yet there was one golden drop that tinged his veins—o[r] reflection that was the pole-star and anchor of his life-voyage. Die[d] he poor or rich, he was, in the technical sense of the word, a *gentleman*—"nobly-descended on his paternal grandmother's side." Kin[g]-duke, earl, or marquis, may his paternal great-grandfather hav[e] been. This was the one conclusion and grand result of his exis[t]ence. And the memory of it cheered even the weeping friends who[m] inscribed it on his tomb-stone."

If churchyards were modelled after the *Tribune* idea, what a trade the [st]one-cutters would drive! Tombstones would have to be published in numbers, and Smith's biography in marble might be continued through several months and more than one Cemetery. Greenwood would afford pleasant reading in the summer season, and the [m]atent safe men, that haunt its silent slopes, would have an additional inducement to hold forth to visitors. "Have you read the last monument?" would take the place of the worn out society question of "Have you read the last number of the Virginians?" and "To be continued in our next" would come directly after "requiescat in pace".

We really don't know what fault the *Tribune* man has to find with the modest tomb of Withamus. We are not aware that the literature of the grave is usually so extensive as to enter into all the details of the "body's" private life. How would the *Tribune* man like to have his epitaph written in somewhat this style,—

HERE LIES

JOHN JENKINS.

REPORTER FOR THE *Tribune* NEWSPAPER.

Who was Born First of April, 1572.

And Died, First of April, 1859.

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MAY HE REST IN PEACE.

*** *The second number of* Vanity Fair *will be issued Wednesday, January 4th, 1860, and thereafter regularly every Wednesday.*

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